Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and young VVilliam of Cloudesly.

The Second Part.

Adam Bell. Young William. Clim of the Clough.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his Shop without New-gate.
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Adam Bell.

LIft Northerne Lads to blither things
then yet were brought to light:
Performed by our country men,
in mickle fray and fight.
Of Adam Bell, Clim of the clough,
and William of Cloudesley,
Who were in favour with the king,
for all their misery.
Young William of the Wine-sellar,
then yeoman he was made,
Can follow then his fathers steps,
he loued a bonny maid:
Gods crosse quoth William if I misse,
and may not of her speed:
Ile make a thousand Northerne hearts
for very woe to bleed.
Gone is he a woing now,
our Lady well him guide:
To merry Mansfield where I trow,
a time he will abide.
Sowne ope the dowre faire Cisly bright,
I come with all the haste:
I come a wooing thee for loue,
here am I come at last.
I know you not quoth Cisly then,
from whence that ye be come,
My loue you may not haue I trow,
I bow by this faire sunne:
For why, my loue is fixt so sure,

vpon another wight,
I sweare by sweet S. Anne, Ile neuer
abuse him out of sight.
This night I hope to see my Loue,
in all his pride and glee:
If there were thousands, none but him
my heart would ioy to see.
Gods curse vpon him young William said,
before me that hath sped:
A soule ill on the carrion Nurse,
that first did bind his head.
Can William tho for to prepare
a medicine for that chaffe,
His life (quoth he) full hard may fare
hees best to kepe aloffe.
He drew then out his bright browne sword,
which was so bright and keene,
A stouter man and hardier,
nere handled sword I weene.
Brown tempered, strong and worthy blade,
vnto thy master show,
If now to triall thou be put,
how thou canst bide a blow:
Young William to an Oake gan hie,
which was in compasse round
Well fiue and fifty inches nie,
and feld it to the ground.
So may he fare quoth William then,
that for her loue hath laid,
Which I haue loued, and nere did know,
him suter till that maid.
And now deare father stout and strong,
William of Cloudesly,
How happy were thy troubled Sonne,
if here I might thee see.

And

And thy two brethren Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough,
Against a thousand men and more,
we foure would be enough.
Crowne it is full foure a clocke,
and night will come beliue,
Come on thou lurden Cislies Loue,
this night must I thée shriue.
Prepare thée strong thou sow blacke cause,
what ere thou be I weene,
Ile giue thy coxcombe saicke a gird,
in Mansfield as neuer was séene.
William a Young Faune had slaine
in Sher-wood merry Forrest:
A fairer Faune for mans ropast,
in Shere-wood was neuer drest.
He hied then till a Northerne lasse,
not halfe a mile he fro:
He said dop doore thou good old nurse,
that in to thée I goe:
I faint with being in the wood,
loe here I haue a Kid,
Which I haue slaine for thée and I,
come dresse it then I bid:
Fetch bread and other iolly fare
whereof thou hast some store,
A blither guest this hundred yeare,
came neuer here before.
The good old Nant gan hye apace
to let young William in,
A happy Nurse quoth William then,
as can be lightly séene.
Wend till that house hard by quoth he,
thats made of lime and stone,
Where is a lasse, faire Cisse he said,

I loue her as mine owne,
If thou canst fetch her vnto me,
that we may merry be,
I make a vow in the Forrest,
of Deere thou shalt haue thrée.
Rest then faire sir, the woman said,
I sweare by good Saint John,
I will bring to you that same maid,
full quickly and anon.
Meane while, quoth William, Ile be Cooke
and sée the Faune well drest,
A stouter Cooke did neuer come
within the faire Forrest.
Thicke blithe old lasse hath wit enow,
for to declare his minde,
So fast she hide and there did stay,
but left William behinde:
Where William like a nimble Cooke,
is dressing of the fare,
And for this Damsell doth he looke,
I would that she were here.
God spéed blithe Cisse, quoth that old lasse,
God dild you quoth Cisly againe,
How done you Nant Joane, she said,
tell me it I am faine.
The good old Joane said, wel she was,
and commen in an errand to you:
For you must to my Cottage goe,
full quicke I tell you true,
Where we full merry meane to be,
all with my elder lad:
When Cisly heard of it truely,
she was excéeding glad.
Gods curse light on me, quoth Cisly then,
if with you I doe not hie;

I neuer ioyed more forsooth,
than in your company.
Happy the good wife thought her selfe
that of her purpose she had sped,
And home with Cisly she doth come,
so kindly by her led.
And comming in, her William soone
had made ready his fare:
The good old wife did wonder much
so soone as she came there.
Cisly to William now is come,
God send her mickle glee:
Yet was she in amaze God wot,
when she saw it was he.
Had I béene ware, good sir she said,
of that it had béene you:
I would haue staid at home in sooth,
I tell you very true.
Faire Cisly then said William kinde,
misdéeme thou not of me:
I sent not for thée to the end
to doe thée iniurie.
Sit downe that we may talke a while
and eat of all the best,
And fattest Kid that euer was slaine
in merry Shere-wood Forrest.
His louing words wan Cisly then,
to keepe with him a while:
But in the meane time Cislies Loue
much doubted this her guile.
A stout and sturdy man he was,
of quality and kinde,
And knowne through all the North-country
to beare a valiant minde.
But what quoth William doe I care,

if that he meanes to weare,
First let him winne, else neuer shall
he haue the maid I sweare.
Full softly is her louer come,
and knocked at the doore,
Where when he mist of Cisly then,
with wrath he stampt and swore:
A mischiefe on his heart quothhe,
that hath enlur'd the maid
To be with him in company,
he car'd not what he said.
He was then so with anger mou'd,
he sware a well great oath,
Deare should he pay if I him knew,
forsooth and by my troth.
Gone he is to finde her out,
not knowing where she is,
Still wandring in the weary wood,
his true loue he doth misse.
William purchast with the game,
which he doth meane to hold,
Come rescue her he now that can,
if he dare be so bold.
At length when he had wandred long,
about the Forrest wide,
A candle light a furlong off,
full quickely he espied.
Then to the house he hied him fast,
where quickly he gan heare
The voice of his owne deare true loue,
a making bonny cheere:
Then Gan he say to Cisly faire,
O Cisly come away,
I haue beene wandring thee to finde,
since shutting in of day.

Who

Whoe'als faire Cisse quoth William then,
what carle dares be so bold,
Once to aduenture to her to speake,
whom I haue now in hold.
Lift thee faire sir quoth Cisslies Loue,
let sone her from you part:
For all your Lordly words I sweare,
Ile haue her or make you smart.
Young William to his bright brawne sword
gan quickly then to take,
Because thou so dost challenge me,
Ile make thy crowcombe ake.
Betake thee to thy weapon strong,
faire time I giue to thee;
And for my loue as well as thine,
a combat straight shall bee.
Neuer let Sunne quoth Cisslies Loue
shine more vpon my head,
If I doe flye, by heauen aboue
wert thou a gyant bred.
To bibo blade gat William then,
and buckler stiffe and strong:
A stout battaile then they two fought,
well nie two houres long:
Where many a grieuous wound was giuen
to each on either part,
Till both the Champions then were growne
almost quite out of heart.
Pitteous moane faire Cisly made,
that all the Forrest rung,
The grieuous strikes made such a noise,
she had so shrill a tongue:
At last came in the Keepers three
with bowes and arrowes keene,
Where they let flie among these two,

an hundred as I weene.
William stout and strong in heart,
when he had them espied,
Set on courage for his part,
vnto the Keepers hied.
The chiefe ranger of the woods,
that first did William smite,
Had at one blow his head smote off
fro off his shoulders quite:
And being in so furious teene,
about him so he laid,
He slew immediately the wight
was later to the Maid.
Great moane was then there made,
the like was neuer heard,
Which made the people all a round,
to cry they were so feard:
Arme, Arme, the Country cryed,
for Gods loue quickly hie:
Neuer was such a slaughter seene
in all the North country.
Young William, though wounded sore,
continued still his fight,
Till he had slaine them all foure,
that very winters night.
All the Country was then raisd
the Traytor for to invade,
That for the loue of Cisly faire,
had all this slaughter made.
To the woods fled William then,
twas best of all his play.
Where in a Caue with Cisly faire,
he liued many a day.
Proclamation then was sent
through all the country round:

The

The Lord of Mansfield was the man,
that first the traytor found:
So to the Court these tydings came,
where all men did bewaile
The young and lusty William thus,
which so had made them quaile.
This heard good William Cloudesly,
and lusty Adam Bell,
And famous Clim of the Clough,
which three then did excell.
To the King they hied them fast,
full quickly and anon,
Mercy I pray quoth old William,
for young William my sonne:
No mercy traytors quoth the King,
hangd shall ye be all foure;
Under my nose this plot you laid
to bring to passe before:
Insooth bespake then Adam Bell,
till syne your grace hath seene
Of any such commotion,
since with you we have beene:
If then we can no mercy have,
but lose both life and goods,
Of your good grace I take my leave,
and hie me to the woods.
Arme, arme, then quoth the King,
my merry men every one,
Full fast against these Rebells now
into the woods are gone.
Alwo is vs what shall we doo,
or which way shall we worke:
To hunt them forth out of the woods,
where as soere they lurke.
Like you quoth a Counsellor grave,

a right wise man he seemd,
I craue your pardon for those wrongs,
you haue so falsly deemd:
Gods forbot, quoth the King,
I neuer it will doe,
For they shall hang each mothers sonne,
faire sir I tell you true:
Fifty thousand men were charged,
for to make after straight,
Some of them set in sundry townes,
in companies did wait.
To the woods gan some to goe,
all men both good and stout,
And them perforce they thought to take
if they might finde them out.
Unto the woods still as they came,
dispatched still they were,
Which made full many a trembling heart,
and many a man in feare:
Still the out-lawes Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough,
Made iolly cheere with venison,
strong drinke and wine enough.
Christ me blesse then said our King,
such men were neuer knowne,
They are the stoutest hearted men,
that manhood euer showne.
Come thou my Secretary good,
and cause to be declared,
A generall pardon to them all,
their liues I will haue spared:
Liuing plenty shall they haue,
of gold and eke of fee,
If they will as they did before,
come liue in Court with me.

Suddenly

Suddenly went forth the newes,
declared by Trumpets sound,
Whereof these three were well aduis'd
in caues full deepe in ground.
But lift you sirs quoth William young,
I dare not trust the King,
It is some fetch is in his head,
whereby to bring vs in:
So stay you here, and first let me
a messenger be sent
Unto the Court, where I may know
his Maiesties intent.
This pleased Adam Bell,
so may we line in peace,
We are at his most high command,
and never will we cease:
But if that still we shall be urged,
and cald by traitrous name,
And threatned hanging for euery thing,
his highnesse is to blame:
Were had his Grace more subiects true,
and sturdier men than we,
Which are at his Highnesse will,
God send him well to be.
So to the Court is young William gone,
to parley with the King,
Which all men to the Kings presence,
did striue him for to bring.
When he before the King was come,
he kneeled downe full low,
And shewed quickly to the King,
what duty they did owe.
In such delightfull order blithe,
the King was quickly wonne
To comfort them in their request,

as he before had done.
Fetch bread and drinke then said his Grace
and meat all of the best;
And stay all night here at the Court,
and soundly take thy rest.
Gramercies to your Grace said William,
for pardon granted I see:
For signe thereof here take my seale,
so certaine shall it be.
Gods curse vpon him said William,
for my part if I meane
Euer againe to stir vp strife,
it never shall be seene.
The Nobles all to William came,
he was so stout and trim:
And all the Ladies for very ioy
did come to welcome him.
Faire Cisly now I haue to wife,
in field I haue her won.
Bring her here for Gods loue said they all,
full welcome shall she be.
Forth againe went William backe
to wood that he did hie,
And to his Father there he shewd,
the King his pardon free.
Health to his grace quoth Adam Bell,
I beg it on my knee:
The like said Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesley.
To the Court they all prepare
euen as fast as they can hie:
Where graciously they were receiu'd
with mirth and merry glee.
Cisly faire is wend alone,
vpon a gelding faire,

A properer Damsell neuer came
in any courtly ayre.
Welcome Cisly said the Queene,
a Lady I thee make,
To wait vpon my owne person,
in all my chiefest state.
So quickly was this matter done,
which was so hardly doubted,
That all contentions after that,
from Court were quickly routed.
Fauourable was the King,
so good they did him finde,
They neuer after sought againe
to bee his royall minde.
Long time they liued in Court,
so neare vnto the King,
That neuer after was attempt
offered for any thing.
God aboue giue all men grace
in quiet for to liue,
And not rebelliously abroad,
their Princes for to grieue.
Let not the hope of pardon mone
a subiect to attempt,
His Soueraignes anger, or his loue
from him for to exempt.
But that all men may ready be,
with all their maine and might,
To serue the Lord and loue the King,
in honour day and night.
Thus liu'd these Northerne yeomen long
in fauour with the King,
Where no complaints of trespasse done,
could any liedge man bring:
For all the Court was full of sports,

of mirth and merry glée:
And to these foure blithe Northerne Lads,
none well compar'd might be:
For Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and the two Williams, in Court
Won all the fauour in those daies,
and had the best report.
And who but them for Archers braue
and drawing of strong bowes,
Within the Court for manhood thus
to greater credit growes:
Which spighted much a Baron bold,
that dwelt in Bansfield towne,
Who came to Court with bow and shafts,
to win himselfe renowne:
He was a man of lusty strength,
well limbd in every part,
And had according to his might,
a stout and valiant heart.
This Baron bold vnto the King
in person now is come,
Whose welcome was for manhoods sake,
proclaimd with fife and drum.
That whosoere could draw his bow,
of sturdy good red Ewe,
Should proue himselfe before his Grace
to be an Archer true:
And for reward should haue him giuen,
much wealth and golden fee,
And be in fauour with the King
should alwayes after be.
The time and place appointed was
for this their manly triall,
Where many a lusty ponker there,
did seeme to make denniall.

At

At last twelue hardie Knights there were,
attendant on his Grace:
Of mickle might before them all,
came forth in open place:
And one by one did strive to draw
the bonny Barons bow:
But not two inches from the hand,
it serv'd to move in show.
Thus lost they all the prises there,
the King proposed downe:
The which the Baron well might claime
that come from Mansfield towne.
Now stay my Liege, quoth Adam Bell,
though we be stiffe and old:
Yet will we trie our manhods all,
against this Baron bold.
Then who begins, then said the King,
let that awarded be:
For discords rise in such attempts,
full oftentimes I see.
And he that thus for credit sakes,
desireth to be first:
And many times much forwardnesse
aduentures for the worst.
Therefore by lots he shall be chosen,
who first of all shall try:
The rest as willing to the taske,
by order shall stand by.
The King himselfe thus made the lots,
to which they all agréd:
And being cast, old Williams lotte
was to the same decréd.
Now beare thy Fathers heart, my boy,
said William of Cloudesly then:
When I was young I car'd not for

the brags of ſtardieſt men.
The Pinder of Wakefield, George a Greene,
I tried a Summers day:
Yet he nor I were victors made,
nor victor'd went away:
Old Robin Hood, nor little John,
amongſt their merrie men all:
For Fryer Tucke ſo ſtout and young,
my courage could appall.
Then wend thee forth my bonny Lad,
and ſee what thou canſt doe:
To draw the Baron of Mansfields bow,
full ſtrong enough for two.
Soone ſtepped forth young William then,
his manhood to maintaine:
Who thought himſelfe as luſtie a Lad
as went on Northerne plaine.
And comming to the Barons bow,
well bended with two ſtrings:
Beyond his eare an inch and more,
moſt nimbly he it brings.
And therewithall in peeces ſmall,
the bow in ſunder burſt:
At which the Baron all in rage,
and deuilliſh manner curſt.
For he was huge and big of limbs,
and Monſter-like in ſhape:
And few there was that hand to hand,
his danger could eſcape.
Now thanks young William, ſaid the King,
for this thy mickle might:
In guerdon for this noble deed,
Ile make thee here my Knight,
To beare my Standard to the field,
and wait vpon my table:

For

For in my Kingdome doe I know,
but few that are so able.
Yet Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
with old William of Cloudesley,
Are all good yeomen brave and bold,
as any ith Land can be.
But now young William is gone to rest,
where Cisly did abide:
Expecting long with gentle lookes,
what would of him betide.
Whereas in bed they had not laine,
till breake of mornings peepe,
Ere that the Baron boldly came,
to breake them of their sleepe.
(Who said) Arise young coward boy,
prepare thee for the field:
Before the evening clouds approach,
Ile make thee stoope and yeild.
And for these late disgraces done,
before the King to me:
By manly force upon thy head,
revenged will I be.
Now let Gods blessing leave my soule,
quoth William, if I not goe
To open field even hand to hand,
to bandie blow for blow.
So up gat William in the morne,
and Cisly doth forsake:
Whilst she most like a loving wife,
for him her prayers did make.
In field they met, but coward-like
the Baron him betrayes:
Where ten to one he basely brings,
in armours bright arrayes.
And so being mastred most by force,

then any manly might,
Young William he takes prisoner,
and beares him thence by night.
Faire Cisly missing him ore long,
made thus her heavie moane:
I doubt good Adam Bell (quoth she)
my true love William is gone,
And by the Baron of Mansfield borne,
I know not to what place.
If it be so, quoth Adam Bell,
wele quite this great disgrace.
To William of Cloudesly sone went he,
and to bold Clim of the Clough.
To armes brave Yeomen, to armes, I say,
for we have reason enough.
Knight William is borne by treason hence,
as Cisly now makes knowne,
And by the Barons accursed guile,
is basely overthrowne.
Thus armed all with Bowes of Ewe,
and with the Gray-goose wing,
They followd him fast to merrie Sherwod,
him backe from thence to bring.
And Cisly in their companie,
attired like a Page,
In Kendale greene most fresh and faire,
befitting to her age.
No sooner past the flowing Trent,
that runs by Sherwod side:
But they heard newes where William then
in bondage did abide.
And how his lustie armes and legs
in hempen coards lay bound:
Within a Caue full deepe in earth,
which hardly could be found.

Quoth Cisly straight my taske is this,
to finde Knight William forth:
So into beggers weeds she chang'd
her cloathes of richer worth,
And all along the Forrest goes,
till she the Baron espide:
Of whom she prively crau'd an almes,
which could not be denide,
For she was pleasant, faire and young,
and lovely in his sight:
And only in her countenance
was all his hearts delight.
So entertainment she procur'd,
by this her quicke consent:
And by that meanes knew where her love
remain'd in bondage great.
A Bugle horne faire Cisly had,
which William lately had worne:
About her then in secret sort,
it cunningly was borne.
With which as time befitted best,
she winded for her friends:
William of Cloudesley and the rest,
that fast to her ward bends.
And comming by the sound thereof,
whereas Knight William staid,
To armes they cried, now is the time
that must not be delaid.
Then flew a pace the Gray Gose wing,
amongst the Barons rout:
Which flew full swiftly to and fro,
the Forrest round about.
But Adam Bell with Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesley:
Were such good Archers euerie one,

that better could not be.
And by that meanes and skill withall,
their shafts till flew so right,
That all the Barons rout full soone,
betooke themselues to flight.
And he himselfe possest with feare,
fell humbly on his knées,
To beg for fauour and for life:
which when faire Cisly sées,
I am, quoth she, no beggar now,
as thou me déem'st of late:
But thus am forst to be the Judge
of thy deserued fate.
Knight William here whom thou retain'st
doth claime me for his wife,
And I in Pages cloathing thus,
haue happily sau'd his life.
Thus boldly went those yeomen three,
with Cisly hand in hand,
Vnto the Caue where William lay
at mercie and command,
Who when he saw his True-loue come
in Pages trim attire,
His Father and his friends likewise,
his heart was so on fire,
That presently with kinde embrace,
he bade them welcome thither;
Where after many a gentle spéech,
they went all fiue together.
But in regard the Baron thus
had him by falshood wrong'd,
They gaue the Traytor by consent,
what vnto him belong'd.
For in the midst of Sherwood there,
they fram'd a Gallow-tree:

On

On which they hang'd the Baron by,
example thus to be,
For all that faithfull their words,
in deeds of mickle might:
And thus these bonny Archers there,
gaue him deserued right.
Now are these Yeomen gone to Court,
before the courteous King,
To tell his highnesse all the truth,
and order of each thing.
Which when he heard he gaue them thanks,
but chiefly Cisly faire:
Who for her husbands life and loue,
such danger would not spare.
And as young William knighted was,
euen so were all the rest:
And after entertained well,
with many a sumptuous feast.
Now Bowes and Bills were laid aside,
and chang'd to Courtly dances,
Where none like Cisly in estate
so braue her selfe aduances.
Old William he well growne in yeares,
betooke himselfe to rest:
Young William in his youthfull blood
behau'd him with the best.
Old Adam Bell, and aged Clim,
by time made reuerent now;
Began vnto declining age,
in gentlenesse to bow.
And so as time and age grew on,
to nature did submit:
Thus death you see will neuer yeeld,
to neither strength nor wit.
Old William dies and buried was,

Adam Bell.

In Carlel, as I heare,
And Adam Bell clase by his fide,
As Records doe appeare,
Clim of the Clough, with young Knight William,
and his beloued faire:
Neare vnto these their bonny friends,
they likewise buried were.
Ore whom the King erected by
a tombe of Marble stone:
Though now by ruines of old time,
it is consum'd and gone.
Yet thus in praises will I speake
of all these Archers bold:
They haue deserv'd for manlinesse,
to lye in tombes of gold.
And to conclude, their soules we hope,
in quiet sleepe remaine:
Till Domes day Trompets call them vp
from forth their graues againe.

FINIS.